

NEW YORK

Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,

PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.—One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year... 2.00.
Two copies, one year... 3.00.

No. 159.

GOING HOME.

BY EBEN E. RExford.

Mourner's, weeping o'er the coffin
Of a man with silvered hair,
Did you see his spirit climbing
Up the angels' starry stair?
Did you hear them when they called him
"A Pilgrim come? Not for room!"
Alas! can not for your weeping:
He has found a welcome home!

Mother, sobbing o'er the cradle
Where your little child has laid,
Dream yon of the transformation
That the change of death has made?
Think! Your child had only started
In the path of life, and thy sin,
With gates of Heaven swung open,
And your darling entered in.

Mother, beside the grave kneeling,
Where they bid from mortal sight
Him you loved so much—oh, tell me,
Do you see no gleam of light?
Waits your loved one o'er the river,
On the ferry's further shore,
Till the grim and silent boatman
Comes to row your spirit o'er.

Children, longing for the sunshine
And the sweet-voiced, smiling smile,
She has crossed the hills before you;
Travel on a little while.

Soon for you the gates of sunset
Will, at day's decline, enclose,
And you'll find, beyond the portals,
Strangely sweet and deep repose.

Maiden, is your pathway shadowed?
Do you fear the dark?
At the sound of many footsteps,
That could make your heart rejoice?
Think! the path of peace, unending,
Is before your loved one's feet,
And he waits to bid you welcome
When you reach the golden street.

When we see our loved ones going,
How our bitter tear-drops fall,
And the world seems darker and longer,
Though they hear the angels' call.
Kiss their lips in tears at parting,
When the angels whisper, "Come,"
And remember, oh, remember,
They are only going home!

Barbara's Fate:

OR,
A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURSE.

HALF-WAY between New York and the busy, pretty city of Paterson, New Jersey, stands a house, at once conspicuous to travelers on the Erie railroad, for its beauty as well as isolation of situation, no less than its elegance of design and finish, and the peculiarly romantic appearance it bears.

From the line of the railroad, and perhaps ten feet below that level, from which rude wooden steps lead down, stretches an immense park, traversed by curving drives, tree-shaded promenades, and open, sunny lawns.

A lake, of circular form and rather diminutive size, adorns the center of the park, from which narrow walks diverge toward the railroad—the carriage entrance—where a large iron gate stands hospitably open, and a tiny porter's lodge adds to the style of the grounds; and the dwelling itself—Chetwynd Chase.

At the first glance, bestowed upon the fair gray granite pillars and towers of far-famed Chetwynd Chase, even the most superficial observer is impressed with the mingled beauty and weirdness, fairy grace, and somber aspect of its external appearance.

Standing upon a slight eminence, with a dense grove for a background, its tall turrets rearing above the highest tree-tops with the sloping grass-sown banks of the Passaic river stretching from the high flight of griffin-guarded steps down to the very brink of the river, that at that spot widens and curves into unusual beauty, Chetwynd Chase is exceedingly fair to look upon, even while among its own admirers it has won the name of the "Mysterious."

And there was a mystery, a deep and unfathomable mystery, that for more than two centuries defied investigation, that in later days—our own times—deepened from a mystery to a fearful curse; an anathema on one of the houses of Chetwynd that was well calculated to cast dismallest gloom on the unfortunate family.

But the Chetwynds of Chetwynd Chase, who had come to Old England, with William the Conqueror, and lived in almost royalty in their old baronial castle in Gloucestershire, and whose younger son, Rexton Chetwynd, had come to America twenty years before the present time—for our story is one of to-day, in a year we have lately seen (1865)—had ever borne with them, wherever they lived, a strange mystery, that even invested their homes with its sepulchral glare.

Rexton Chetwynd, who had taken for his home this grand old place, and christened it in true old English style, was one of those fine, courtly gentlemen who are fitted by birth, education and inclination, to fill the highest positions of honor and trust. He was remarkably handsome—but the Chetwynds were a splendid race—peerless beauty being one of the clauses sworn to in that old, old curse; of about the average height, possibly a trifle above, with erect, kingly bearing, bright intense eyes of jet-black, over which hung great, bushy eyebrows of purest white, that matched for hue and massiveness his hair and military beard.

Such was Rexton Chetwynd, in his fifty-seventh year. The family at Chetwynd Chase was not large, exclusive of the corps de servants.

Mrs. Chetwynd, a queenly, quiet elderly lady, who had been pretty in her fresher days, and now was just as charming in manner and temperament as ever she had been; a true wife, who believed her husband the most perfect man on all the earth, whose will was her rigid law, whose faintest expressed desire was her greatest pleasure to perform. She never presumed to contradict him in the slightest matter; such a wild idea had never entered her head;



It was not a long walk, and in a few minutes Barbara reached the ruins.

and, yielding her graceful, tender, dignified homage, she freely personated what we seldom see—a true, model wife; and perhaps more women would gladly follow her example, were the husbands to imitate Rexton Chetwynd in his chivalrous devotion and affectionate solicitude for her welfare and happiness.

There was a nephew traveling on the continent now, a handsome, high-spirited gentleman, with the Chetwynd's bold beauty and *hauteur*, and winning tenderness of mien.

Rex Chetwynd was deeply attached to his uncle and aunt, but on his only cousin, the darling of Chetwynd Chase, his heart was set with strongest affection.

Blanche Chetwynd was a girl whom to see was to instantly admire; to know, to steadily love. Her charms of mind were no less than her graces of person, that were made up of a rare and beautiful comingling of style.

In stature she was less tall than most girls at her age—she was nineteen. Her eyes, jetty black like her father's, had in them a soft, pleading expression, that lessened greatly her likeness to Mr. Chetwynd. Her hair was like her mother's had been, bright, burnished gold in color, with not a ripple to mar the shining surface; were they at the ends, which curled in loose thick rings.

Her complexion was pale as marble, without the faintest vestige of color on her cheeks, and yet there was not a suggestion of pallid sickness in that sunny whiteness.

Her lips were proudly arched and of vivid scarlet, ripe and dewy, suggesting all manner of pretty similes—strawberries, gleaming ivy-berries, cleft pomgranates.

Blanche Chetwynd it was, this regal, peerless girl, on whom the curse would descend; to whom the mystery would be unraveled, which for two hundred years had been wrapped in densest gloom, and had been declared never to be explained until the youngest son of the house of Chetwynd could possess, in their youngest birth, a daughter.

Heretofore, the youngest child had invariably been a son; and until Rexton Chetwynd had seen his fair Blanche grow up, year after year, and no other children following, he had not dreamed that on him and his the curse would fall.

But Blanche was nineteen now, and Mr. Chetwynd had long since given up hoping for another son, whose birth would thus avert the cloud from Blanche's head; and for years back he had been steeling himself for the blow he knew must come, sooner or later; but of its import, or coming, he was perfectly ignorant. He only knew, as Blanche herself knew, and all the Chetwynds, that, because from a youngest daughter the blight had proceeded, so to a youngest daughter it must return.

Rexton Chetwynd knew there was something

else, I think she would take better care that she did not flush and tremble so if he but chanced to touch her hand."

She had thrown a black lace shawl over her shoulders while she spoke, and then adjusted a tiny hat, on whose side glowed a spray of velvet pinks.

"I think I will do. Gervaise requested me to wear this suit, although it is a strange color for to-day."

She glanced down at her emerald green silk.

"It means 'forsaken,' is it an omen, I wonder?"

Then, smiling at her nervous suggestion, she looked at her watch.

"Five o'clock so soon! and I promised to be at the chapel ruins at five."

With a hurried glance at the window, she swept across the velvet carpet, opened the door, then locked it after her.

Blanche Chetwynd met her at the gate, her sunbright curls all windblown about her fresh, fair face, her black eyes full of unspoken happiness.

"Off for a ramble, Barbara?"

Barbara laughed, as she hoisted her parasol.

"To Passaic, I think, if the road is not too dusty. I may be late to dinner, but you'll make my excuses?"

"Assuredly. But there is the carriage, Barbara."

"Thanks; but a walk will be a delightful rarity."

"I think you'll meet Mr. De Laurian, Barbara, for I passed him at the chapel ruins a few minutes ago."

Barbara glanced keenly at the sweet, conscious face, and then a little look of stern reproof came to her lips.

"Mr. De Laurian and you often meet, Barbara."

Her words were intended as a probe to the young girl's heart, and Barbara exultantly saw the glow deepen on her cheeks.

"You are an adept, Blanche," and Barbara laid her finger on the girl's hot face.

"But, *au-re, mia cara*," and, waiting a kiss, she went on, and Blanche returned slowly to the Chase.

It was not a long walk, and in a few minutes Barbara reached the ruins.

True to his tryst, Gervaise De Laurian awaited her. With a glad smile, in which all her beauty seemed to concentrate itself, she extended her hands.

"Gervaise! I was fearful I had kept you waiting too long!"

"As if forever were too long to wait for you, Barbara!"

His deep-whispered words sent a flush to her cheeks.

"But, nevertheless, I'm glad you've come; I am impatient, after all, for the treasure the next hour will give me. My darling, you do not desire to retract your promise? you are as willing to-day to register your vow as you were when I gave you that?"

His finger touched the golden circlet on her hand, and his proud, passionate eyes were looking down in her own.

"Retreat, Gervaise! Never! Rather do I desire to strengthen it by every bond I may."

He smiled, then bent and kissed her.

"Come, then, my darling. Everything is in readiness; a short five minutes, and we will be each other's forever!"

"But, Blanche Chetwynd?"

For the life of her, Barbara could not tell why she asked that. She never knew, until months after, why it was that the words rose spontaneously to her lips, forcing their own utterance; or why, for a second, there uprose before her a sweet, girlish face, with love-lighted eyes.

For a moment Gervaise De Laurian looked at her; then his eyes grew wrathful.

"What has Blanche Chetwynd to do with me, or you?"

"Forgive me, Gervaise; they were idle words."

It was wonderful, almost pitiful, to see how this proud, eagle-hearted girl flung all her pride, her *hauteur* at the feet of her love; but Barbara Lester's was no light, passing emotion, that scarce ruffled the tide of her life. It was a mighty, master current, that bowed all her will to its leading course.

And Gervaise De Laurian knew this. He knew how entirely he was her master, and he was proud of his conquest, so that now, when he listened to her loving voice and saw her beautiful, graceful girlishness, he smiled down in her wistful eyes.

"I will forgive you. But I can not have you speak so again."

She accepted his arm, and together they walked slowly to the inner chamber of the chapel ruins.

"Now, Barbara, my own, here we begin to tread the same life path. Here I shall solemnly swear to love you to the end. Barbara, you will promise to love me, care for me with all your woman's heart, forever and forever?"

His low, murmurous voice held her in a thrall, delicious as magical.

"Forever and ever, Gervaise, till death do us part."

He kissed her, and led her through the moss-grown door.

CHAPTER III.

IF SHE BUT KNEW!

It was a spacious place, with old, moth-eaten drapery, and a floor where luxuriant grass grew between the interstices of moldy stones.

At one end, it was inclosed by a hedge of pines, at the other the Passaic river flowed.

Above waved tree-tops, a low, tender music lingering in their branches.

An elderly gentleman, with pleasant blue eyes, awaited them.

"Barbara, dear, this is a friend of mine from New York, who is empowered by the right of his office to marry. He is not a clergyman, but you do not object to being married by a justice of the peace?"

Barbara did not care. Why should she?

was not her marriage just as sacred solemnized thus?

With luminous eyes she told her lover so, and he turned to the gentleman.

"Mr. Croyle, this is the lady of whom I spoke, Miss Lester. We are ready now."

Hand in hand, under the roofing of Nature's Eternal Temple, with the grand forest aisles about them, and the music of the soft summer winds their wedding hymn, the ceremony was spoken; Gervaise De Laurian had kissed his bride; the officiating gentleman had departed.

"Mrs. Gervaise De Laurian, my wife! my own beautiful bride!"

He whispered the words in her ear as they turned to retrace their steps.

A smile of perfect happiness answered him.

"I am glad it is over, Barbara. I have sometimes feared of losing you. But now, never."

She laid her hand on his arm in a half-sighing gesture.

"Gervaise, I have but one request to make.

You will grant the first your wife asks? Promise you will not flirt any more—with whom?"

"Blanche Chetwynd, you mean?" added he, seeing her hesitate. "I can't promise; as you know, Barbara, a man can't help paying court to a pretty girl like little golden-haired Blanche. But, Barbara, can't you trust me? Remember, that our marriage is to be kept secret—"

Barbara uttered a cry.

"Secret, Gervaise? Our marriage a secret? Oh, I never dreamed of such a thing."

Her cheeks paled, then glowed as she spoke, while Gervaise De Laurian's eyes grew threatening.

"Barbara, you must let me dictate, and without questioning my motives. I want you to distinctly understand I desire our marriage to be a profound secret, until you have my permission to divulge it."

His imperious tones seemed strangely at variance with his impassioned manner a moment before, and as Barbara De Laurian searched earnestly his handsome, flushed face, and met the light in his willful eyes, she began to realize she had found her equal in her husband; that even as she loved, so must she obey, in the strictest meaning of the word. Even as Gervaise loved her, would he rule over her.

While she had been so steadily regarding him, her beautiful lips apart in the astonishment she had felt at his language, he had abruptly laid his hand over her mouth, half-savagely, half-tenderly.

"There still lingered a despotism under his affectionate words; and what could Barbara do, but consent?"

"Gervaise, I promise."

"I knew you would. And now I want another promise. You asked me not to flirt with Blanche Chetwynd. It is a hard one to keep, Barbara, for though not so peerless as my royal bride, she is a sweet blossom, and it is far from my nature to pass such by."

Barbara grew steadily.

"But, Gervaise, you've no right to flirt again with any woman. You are my husband, and, as a married man, must not devote yourself to young ladies' society as you would have done an hour ago."

Her earnest language burst from her eager lips as she laid her fair, warm hands on his arm.

He smiled; a quick, lightning-like glance of amusement.

"You may be right, Barbara, but don't forget that only to each other are we married. But, will you promise what I was about to ask?"

A hot flush shot over her cheeks, as she impulsively answered:

"Will you never have done with that old-time engagement? Gervaise, Roy and I were mere children then; we never think of such things now. You know I care for no living being but yourself."

Her confession gratified him, and, as he came up to the gate, in the gathering dusk, he kissed her.

"Go in now, my darling. Remember your promise."

He bowed, and she smiled her adieus, as she turned down the path to the house.

Gervaise De Laurian paused and watched her as she walked along the narrow path, her green silken skirt rustling against the grass, her flushed face outlined against the gray sky.

"Beautiful temptress! she has ruined herself and me, too, I fear! If she but knew, if she but knew, ever so vaguely!"

A bitter smile broke over his handsome face, and he turned away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

"Barbara," said Blanche Chetwynd, as the two girls were sitting on the piazza, and her cheeks flushing as she went on, "do you know I am very much afraid I am allowing myself to think a great deal of Mr. De Laurian?"

Barbara started, but answered pleasantly:

"Mr. De Laurian is a gentleman whom few women could dislike."

She watched Blanche's face while she spoke.

"He certainly is handsome and agreeable; I have heard my father say the De Laurians were renowned for their courtliness and beauty."

"Yes?" and Barbara's eyes betrayed the interest she naturally experienced in her husband's relatives. Her inquiries and assents, though given in a quiet, indifferent manner, were only a mask to her eager anxiety.

"And the De Laurians are wealthy too, Barbara. Not that money would influence me so far as Gervaise is concerned, but I think any girl would prefer a husband who possessed both wealth and beauty."

Her cheeks flushed deeper still as she poured out her sweet, girlish confidences.

"So you have already decided to marry Mr. De Laurian, it seems, Blanche?"

A half-amused smile played on Barbara's lips as she spoke.

Blanche laughed.

"Did I say so? Although, Barbara, and her eyes grew luminous with tenderness, while her voice mellowed to a low, confiding cadence, "I am not ashamed to admit that I love him already."

She raised her eyes to Barbara's, that were flashing darkly.

"You are not angry that I've made you my confidant, Barbara? You're not vexed at my unsolicited secret?"

She spoke in depreciating sweetness of manner, for a dark, angry cloud had settled on Barbara's proud face.

"No—not that you've honored me with your confidence; for that I thank you. But I am sorry you are so girlish, so childish as to believe the attentions of every gentleman you meet are honest. When you are older you will learn that flirtations are more amusing than lasting. Besides, Blanche, there is another reason."

Her voice grew tender as she saw the pained look in Blanche's eyes.

"A reason why I shouldn't like Gervaise De Laurian, Barbara?"

She asked the question in amazement.

"Not for your simply 'liking' him, Blanche. Of course we can all like every one we see, whereas love, particularly such love as you bestow, is not to be frittered away on every one."

"But the reason, Barbara?"

Her clear, questioning eyes were intently regarding Barbara's face; and the dark cheeks glowed under that innocent gaze, as she realized what the true reason was. But she returned Blanche's gaze firmly.

"It is a very simple one, Blanche, dear. Mr. De Laurian is a most egregious flirt, and boasts of his reputation as such."

Slowly the blushes faded off Blanche's face.

"Barbara, no! Gervaise has held my hand many a time; he has whispered to me often; he has—even—kissed me."

Like a molten surge the red tide returned as she leaned nearer Barbara to confide the precious secret.

"Kissed you? When?"

Quickly, jealously, came the words.

"I can't say. I don't know. All I remember is that I feel sure he cared for me; that I know I love him."

Barbara's face were traces of a conflict, bitterly severe. Should she not tell this trusting young girl the secret she herself despised, and that, while it was heavily binding her down, was as surely building a fearful chasm over which Blanche must fall.

She hesitated; the secret trembled on her lips; the words were ready to be uttered that should save them both from all the misery of their future lifetime.

Then, like some foreshadowing cloud came the memory of her husband's positive commands—and her love leveling all things before it, she decided to allow circumstances to mold themselves.

It was a trifling decision, but mighty results depended thereon; and fate—and the Chetwynd Curse sealed the woe of the two fair women.

"You have been very imprudent, Blanche; and now that I have placed you on your guard against him, you are enabled to cease thinking of him in so tender a manner."

"Cease loving Gervaise, Barbara? I never can, so long as I live!"

"I can not censure you, Blanche, for your devotion to him as your ideal man; for I think myself he is as perfect—setting aside his flirting propensities—as any woman would want."

A smile that would have been mischievous, had her heart been less full, lighted Blanche's face as she looked at Barbara.

"Perhaps you are a wee whit jealous, Barbara; you are so warm in your admiration while you reprove me for mine."

Barbara's haughtiest curl of lip preceded her answer.

"As a gentleman, I admire him; as a flirt, I detest him."

Her color deepened, and her heart throbbed as she spoke the same word "admire."

"Admire Gervaise De Laurian! She, his wife!

She drew her trailing skirts up in a handful of glowing crimson, and nodded a pleasant adieu to Blanche.

"I have letters to prepare for the next mail, Blanche. After dinner we will drive to Pater-son for some notions I want."

On the shady piazza she left Blanche, sitting beside the window, where the snowy clematis was tossing its graceful spray.

On a rustic chair, her cheeks robed of their flushes, her eyes full of a sad, wistful light, she leaned her sun-bright head resting on her hand.

A quick tread on the gravelled walk aroused her from her transient reverie. She caught a glimpse of a face and form that made her spring in sweet confusion from her reclining position.

"Blanche, no, do not rise. I can find myself a seat. Sit still, and tell me if you are glad I have come."

Gervaise De Laurian's dark eyes, all alight with a dangerous fire, were reading her thoughts that were all too plainly mirrored on her pink cheeks, in her soft black eyes.

"Glad? I am always glad to see you, Mr. De Laurian."

"I shall not believe it if you persist in addressing me so formally. My name is Gervaise, Blanche."

She cast down her eyes under his ardent gaze.

"Gervaise, then," she repeated, almost under her breath, the varying tint on her cheeks palming and glowing.

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added, tenderly.

She did not reply, for there seemed nothing to say; but her heart was fluttering like a caged bird.

"What do you suppose I came for, this morning, cherie?"

"I can easily guess. To practice 'Sweet Genevieve' with Barbara, or have a game of chess with Rex."

"Thank you, cherie. Now, where are Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd, and Miss Barbara?"

He drew his chair nearer as he asked the question.

"Mamma and papa are out driving with Rex, and Barbara has gone to her room to attend to her correspondents."

"Leaving you all alone—with me," he added

once and recognized me—I thought you had—and you have prepared yourself for this time, knowing it must come!"

"You are apt at inference. Perhaps you will explain why you have waited; that day was—how long ago?—a month or more. Permit me though if I am to be detained."

She wheeled about a chair which stood there, and seated herself under the single light, her head thrown back and her gaze meeting his, a mocking, smiling expression on her face. Yet she was quivering beneath all, and this forced composure was a terrible strain upon her.

"Why have I spared you this long? It seems incredible that I should care to spare you, does it not? After weeks too which seemed as years on that little sand-bank in midst of a boundless sea—time to brood over my wrongs, and store up vengeance against you. And I suffered until it makes my brain reel even now to remember."

"How did you escape?" she asked. "You were like one dead when I was rescued. I thought—well, hoped then—that it was out of the range of vessels. I am sure the sailors said so."

"It was. I was found and taken away by a party of natives from some one of the larger islands further to the south. They belonged to a peaceable tribe, and were partly civilized; had they been savages they would undoubtedly have killed me upon the spot, so weak and utterly defenseless was I."

"And not one left to carry the tale," she murmured. "Well, what then?"

"They took me with them to their own settlements. They had missionaries among them, and trading-posts established on their coasts. I was well treated, and permitted to depart on the first vessel which touched, after I was sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage."

"How you disappoint me, Alec. Not a hair-breadth escape nor a thrilling adventure! Besides a little wholesome solitude, no greater hardships than I met and endured! You would never make a fortune at writing up a book of your experience as I thought of suggesting. I really can not comprehend those horrible sufferings you pleaded. Where did they come in, pray?"

"Think of weeks upon weeks on that little patch of land, myself seeming the only soul in the universe, the waters stretching away on every side, and not a speck to break the whole expanse. Too weak to walk, I could only crawl from place to place, finding food enough to sustain life in the snails and muscles which the tide washed up. Not suffer! My God! There were days when my brain was one surge of liquid fire, when the blood plowed like hot lead through my veins."

He was walking up and down the little room, his face blanching even now at the recollection.

"And I was tortured mentally too. I could imagine how you were betraying the trust which I would have faithfully fulfilled. I only wonder that I lived at all. I would have died but for thoughts of my child—or the baby-girl I was weak enough to give up for you years ago."

"I dreamed of her once, a dream so vivid that it has been with me ever since."

"I thought that I was somewhere groping in thick darkness. Far above was one little gleam of light toward which I strained my eyes continually, and, at last, after what seemed ages of hopeless despair, I was born up, and the light grew larger and brighter as I neared it."

"And I was standing in Heaven's sunlight. I tried to form a prayer of thanks giving, but my heart was like lead, and my lips moved without uttering a sound. An evil spell seemed upon me. Something by my side, which was a shadow at first, gradually took form, and you were standing there with just the mocking smile on your face which you are wearing now."

"You were pointing back into the depths of darkness from which I had risen."

"Look! you said: 'You have escaped, but shall perish!'

"I looked. I was powerless to resist. And wavering over that dark abyss I saw a fair young girl—a girl in spotless white robes and with a glory of yellow hair waving about her, as though there was no such thing as fatigue, or as though she had not been dancing half the night. Mrs. Redesdale waited till she was quite out of sight, holding the pasteboard after one glance at it."

"Unconscious as the hour was even for a jealous suitor to present a claim, Louis Kenyon was there awaiting her return."

"She found him more excited than she had seen him since that memorable interview after her trip to the coast. He was standing, glowering through a window at the darkness without, but wheeling about at sound of the opening door."

"What brings you here at such a time, Louis? You might advance your interests better by acting upon the suggestions I give you; and Neptune, whose appearance was of such brief duration, let the Sea be whisked away under his very eyes."

"My eyes did me service, at any rate—and my ears, too. Do you know how matters are progressing, Mrs. Redesdale?" He never called her mother now, even when alone together. "Your beautiful stepdaughter, whom you have been so confidently promising to me, accepted Lessing-ton to-night."

"Another obstacle! She set her lips close, as she turned her angry glance upon him."

"You let it come to that? What inexcusable mismanagement. I trusted you to make your own impression, and your own way."

"It is not my fault, if I fail, as I don't acknowledge to having done yet. I haven't undertaken this game to throw up the sponge while there's one chance left. If you will cooperate, there is still a desperate remedy which may avail us."

"What?"

"In the glimmering gray before the rosy tinges of the dawn, he unfolded his hastily-constructed plot."

approached it. For full five minutes there was silence between them, and then he paused, facing her.

"I have left you undisturbed this long, Mirette. I wanted to see if you had any new devilry in hand, and to discover how far you had acted fairly by Miss Redesdale. If you will promise to give up every thing to her eventually—every thing her father's wife was entitled to hold—I will give you a reasonable time to renounce the honors which you are wearing, in whatever way you may choose. I have no wish to denounce you and give the whole affair publicity; if you care to make your own explanations privately—honestly, mind—I will give you a month, or three months, if you like, to do it. That if you restore my child; otherwise, I will go with the whole story to the trustees-to-morrow and let them take their own course."

"I will agree to it," she said, after a moment's deliberation. "I don't know where your daughter is. Mrs. Snow left her in a young ladies' school where she was educated for a music teacher, nursery governess, or something of the kind. She left there a year ago, but I'll undertake to find her for you. You discovered no trace of her further than you have told me?"

"Scarcely a trace, but what might lead to it. I bought a picture a week ago, and one of the figures in it wears the very face which I saw in my dream, her face, I am sure, painted from life. If you try to evade me, I shall hunt up the artist and unravel the skein in another way."

"And be disappointed in finding your pictured face a purely fanciful creation. Your daughter is not the yellow-haired angel you say, if I remember her rightly."

To herself she was thinking: "It will be an impossible matter to find an affectionate child for such an anxious father. The streets of New York may even supply a yellow-haired angel, if he insists on it—fallen angel though she may be. And three months leave margin enough to work in."

"If you deceive me—if you dare to deceive me in any way, I will show you no mercy none!" She shrank before the flash of his eyes, fixed sternly upon her, wondering with a horrified thrill if her face had reflected her thought. But she was herself in a moment, impulsive, self-possessed.

"Don't be melodramatic, Alec. We shall not have our little act ending in a tragedy. Give me an address where I can find you and give me my own time. I shall both act and report promptly, but I may be out of the city for a week or a month, as the case is, and you must wait patiently."

He gave her the address, and made no effort to detain her when she offered to go. He watched her out of the door, and sunk into the seat she had vacated, with a heavily drawn sigh.

"If I was not so hampered just now, I would not trust to her, but she can not play a wrong game, no matter how much inclined. My little girl! For her sake I must be patient and work on those claims. I shall have to trust to Mirette, for all my seeking was without result."

And Mrs. Redesdale had paused in a shadowy room on the stairway to push the damp hair up from her forehead, and take a long, deep breath before she adjusted her mask.

"How it has tired me! But I have beaten him down, hoodwinked him, as I shall continue to do the end with all of them."

She was back with the company in time for unmasking at the supper-table, and few, if any, observed the absence of the monk, who had haunted her steps like a gray shadow during the early part of the evening.

She sought out Florien and carried her away at the earliest permissible hour, but the moonlight and starlight were lost in the darkness which precedes the dawn as they were driven through the silent streets.

The sleepy footman, who opened the door, stopped her with a card he had ready. Florien, quite unobservant, ran up the stairs lightly, as though there was no such thing as fatigue, or as though she had not been dancing half the night. Mrs. Redesdale waited till she was quite out of sight, holding the pasteboard after one glance at it.

Unconscious as the hour was even for a jealous suitor to present a claim, Louis Kenyon was there awaiting her return.

She found him more excited than she had seen him since that memorable interview after her trip to the coast. He was standing, glowering through a window at the darkness without, but wheeling about at sound of the opening door.

"What brings you here at such a time, Louis? You might advance your interests better by acting upon the suggestions I give you; and Neptune, whose appearance was of such brief duration, let the Sea be whisked away under his very eyes."

"My eyes did me service, at any rate—and my ears, too. Do you know how matters are progressing, Mrs. Redesdale?" He never called her mother now, even when alone together. "Your beautiful stepdaughter, whom you have been so confidently promising to me, accepted Lessing-ton to-night."

"Another obstacle! She set her lips close, as she turned her angry glance upon him."

"You let it come to that? What inexcusable mismanagement. I trusted you to make your own impression, and your own way."

"It is not my fault, if I fail, as I don't acknowledge to having done yet. I haven't undertaken this game to throw up the sponge while there's one chance left. If you will cooperate, there is still a desperate remedy which may avail us."

"What?"

"In the glimmering gray before the rosy tinges of the dawn, he unfolded his hastily-constructed plot."

GRUMBLE NOT.

"He is honest—very deserving of his name. For probity Mr. Webster is quite famous."

Webster was quite close and heard the mention of his name, though not aware of the connection. He turned and looked at her steadily. She was leaning on the officer's arm, regarding his face with a gracious smile. She was evidently pleased with his company.

They came on, and Nellie by some unaccountable caprice smiled sweetly and laughed at every word the lieutenant uttered. The latter was pleased and slackened his pace, gazing down at her familiarly.

The cliff was high and precipitous at this place, and the path wound down on the side, on a sort of a ledge on which two persons could not walk abreast. Webster was on the narrowest part of the ledge. He was lighting a fresh cigar when they descended, and when he had finished they were close upon him. Respectfully lifting his hat he stepped aside to allow them to pass, politely giving them the inner and safe side. It was a close position, and he was obliged to exert all his strength in bracing himself to prevent being dashed to pieces below. But he would have done it safely had not Nellie's foot slipped on a pebble. Her foot struck his sharply. He threw up his arms, reeled, then disappeared over the brink.

She grasped the lieutenant, gazing with livid face and dilated eyes down the cliff where he had disappeared, every moment expecting to hear his cry of agony as he was dashed to pieces below. The hardy officer accustomed to death in its most revolting and horrible forms felt his heart beat slower and slower and the blood leave his face. But his presence of mind never deserted him and he sturdily clung to his fair companion to keep her from falling, for she was half fainting.

For nearly thirty seconds they held their breath, and listened in fearful silence. No sound was heard. The lieutenant cautiously peered over the brink while she sank half fainting against the cliff, awaiting the dreaded discovery.

"Great Heavens!" shouted Rogier. "He is hanging to a bush close by!"

She darted to his side, now fearless of the awful proximity to the brink. She looked over.

He was hanging with ghastly face to a small shrub which bent under his weight so the roots were slowly giving way. In a few short moments they would be detached, and then—

Quickwitted Tiger Rogier was in his element.

"You stay right here!" he commanded. "I won't be gone but a second."

"For Heaven's sake be quick!" she gasped.

"Oh, my darling!"

Rogier was speeding already on his way to the boat landing just at the bottom of the cliff, for a rope. He flew like a hurricane, braving tremendous leaps and darts like a chamois along the brink of the steep cliff.

The roots still kept moving, moving, and now and then a clod of earth dropped from them. They could not hold him up long. She could not see his face for it was pressed closely to the cliff. The muscles of his hands stood out like whipcords and the blood had settled in the tips of his fingers. They were undergoing an immense strain.

She wrung her hands in agony and looked down the cliff. Rogier had disappeared. He was undoubtedly at the landing. It had taken him only a few seconds to descend. It would take him as many minutes to climb the steep cliff. Meanwhile the roots were giving, faster and faster each moment. As she wrung her hands they touched a scarf which hung at her shoulder. With the rapidity of thought with which women are blessed when those they love are in danger she grasped this. It was strong and tightly woven and would hold a large weight.

Spreading her skirt loosely about she passed her foot round a projecting rock behind her, then lay flat along the ledge, and dropped one end of the scarf to him.

"Take this!" she said, wildly. "Take it, for God's sake."

"I can't!" he groaned, with averted face.

"Grasp it!" she commanded.

"I can't."

"Yes, you can. I will pull you up."

"You are not strong enough. It will drag you over the brink."

"No, it won't! I have the strength of a tiger."

She had at that moment.

"I will die alone!" he groaned.

One root gave entirely away. She shrieked. "Will you marry me if I will?" he asked, not even looking up. His voice was forced and gasping.

"Oh, yes! to-night, to-morrow! any time, Oh, for Heaven's sake, my darling, take hold."

"I guess I'll wait for Tiger," he calmly said, letting go his hold of the bush, which flew up, almost striking her in the face.

In her fright she had nearly fainted and fallen over the brink. Then amazement succeeded terror.

Instead of falling, and with a cry of agony breathing dashed to pieces below, he stood with his hands in his pockets calmly regarding her.

"Please toss me down my match-box!" he said. "I had it in my hand when I fell and it dropped on the ledge. I am perishing for a match."

She was astonished, and clasped her hands.

"What does it all mean?"

"It means that I am standing on a second ledge, but I wouldn't be if it were not for that blessed bush. So don't be alarmed, my angel. I am safe, only bruised considerably. The ledge is not very wide, but still I can spend a few moments very cosily here if you will drop down my match-safe. I caught the bush when I fell you know, and my feet touched the ledge and stuck there by instinct. I can wait comfortably for a few minutes till Tiger comes with a rope. Are you going to drop down the match-safe?"

"No; I am not. That revenge is at least in my power. You were very cruel to try my feelings so."

"I am a brute, my angel. Please toss my match-safe down; please do."

"I will not! there."

"You don't know how sorry I am—"

"It makes no difference. You were very, very cruel to grieve me so. I will now have a little revenge at least."

"Are you going to marry me to-night?" he maliciously asked, with that exasperating smile for which he was noted.

"No, sir! I am not, and I have a good mind never to."

"You can't do that."

"Why?"

His features changed their expression to one of rare tenderness.

"Because you love me, my angel."

"I do, I do!" she whispered.

Great was Rogier's amazement when he fished him up, alive, and with Nellie looking very happy and very charming.

"What does it all mean? Why, are you not dead?"

"It means that as my coat-tails are torn completely off, and as I have lost my hat, and as my face is dirty and bruised, it is a startling descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. And, passing his arm tenderly round Nellie's waist, "it means that I have invented a new way of getting a wife."

He began again the restless pacing up and down the room, which he had stopped for a moment. Sounds of merriment from the throng penetrated the closed room, but no one

A NEW SERIAL ROMANCE

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Red Rajah," "Double-Death," "Rock Rider," etc.

THE reader has a new treat in store, for we have from Mr. Whittaker's hand a sea and shore romance, which, in several particulars, is one of the most captivating stories that has yet fallen from his delightful pen. It is

THE SEA CAT;

OR,

The Witch of Darien.</b

THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1873.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all News-sellers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-dealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, postage paid \$1.00

One copy, postage paid 3.00

Two copies, postage paid 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. Postage is always charged, promptly on expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number. Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra to prepare American postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

9 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A FINE SEA STORY,

Soon to commence in these columns, is

THE SEA CAT; OR, The Witch of Darien,

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "DOUBLE DEATH," "ROCK RIDER," ETC., ETC.

Tales in regard to the gigantic sea spider of the tropics dwindle in interest before this remarkable narrative. While

Morgan and His Buccaneers

are the main actors in the ceaselessly exciting events which make up the plot and incident of the serial, this "Sea Cat" (or sea spider) is entranced in moments of awful peril or imminence of human life struggle, to add horror to what is appalling. That the dreaded Sea Rover is not all bad and bloody, as he is too often pictured, our author shows, for he here is the chivalrous champion of the

BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SENORITA,

whose fortunes are closely interwoven with his own.

The romance involves many elements of most novel interest, both of sea and shore—of ship life and land adventure—of cutlass, cannon and corsair career—of woman's influence and the power of love; and will excite that enthusiasm among readers which only works by "born" authors can arouse.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—While the Female Suffragists are clamoring for the ballot, and fixing their hopes on an experiment, a large class of women are crying: "What can we do to-day to correct our own shortcomings as heads of households?" That American homes are, as a rule, neither well ordered nor so happy as they should be, is a painful fact; and that the would-be "reformers" studiously avoid every practical issue which is thrust upon them, is a painful reflection on their cause and purposes. When the "woman's movement" seizes the immediate disabilities which environ not only woman's happiness but the happiness of those who call her wife and mother, we shall have more faith in it, as a movement; and until it does so we can but regard "the cause" as a balloon to lift certain women up to the view of a gaping populace. Jean Ingelow, the sweet poetess, is not one of the sisterhood, that is evident. She writes to Lucy Stone a most capital letter—not in glorification of Lucy's "mission," but to suggest that the real problem for the women of America to work out is—How to Make Home Happy—How to Make Kitchen Work and Housekeeping respectable, etc., etc. Her matter-of-fact suggestions read like a satire on our housewives and housekeeping, but it is sober truth, nevertheless—as many a wretchedly-conducted household will attest. So many real disabilities remain to be redressed, in order to render homes so attractive, that the married life is to be envied, that we must be excused from shrieking for a "suffrage" or "reform," which does not appear to contemplate making women any more efficient in any sense except to make her the equal of Pat and Fritz and Jonathan at the hustings. Therefore, a great deal more of Jean Ingelow and a great deal less of Lucy Stone is a good rallying cry, just at present.

The process known as cumulative voting, in order to secure minority representation, is not new, by any means. It was first invented or promulgated by a Dane, and has been in use in Denmark for a great many years in local elections. It is adopted in England, in certain constituencies, and is now in force in Illinois, in the election of State legislative members. It secures the proper representation of minorities, who, under the common system, have no representation in Congress or Legislatures. The tyranny of a majority is as much to be deprecated as any other tyranny.

The Lenten season, which is now upon us, we know is not observed by many professedly Christian people. A large number of church members never "fast"; on the contrary, they are "fast" in the sense of extravagant living and love of worldly power and social position. But, without reference to the propriety of Lent, as a church ordinance, we submit that a rest from dissipation, and a sober contemplation of life and its responsibilities, for forty days, is not a bad idea even for the belle and beau, and is a decidedly good idea for the man of business and woman of family. A pause in the grand whirl of the social vortex to take breath and to think—a rest prolonged for forty days in which to recuperate energies and to let the mind run out into new and more thoughtful channels—is, we think, a very beneficial arrangement, which all good citizens will neither laugh at nor discourage. To those who respect it as a church ordinance, Lent is a season especially sacred and revered. It represents the forty days of Christ's agony and conflict in the wilderness with the spirits of evil—hence, the churches' adoption of it as a season of special fasting, prayer and self-examination.

The immensity of our national domain we do not comprehend until we begin to compare our land to that of other nations. For instance: Pennsylvania contains an area of 46,000 square miles; England 51,000; Colorado 65,000; Switzerland 16,000; Ireland 32,000, etc., etc. That is, in our territory of Colorado we could plant four Switzerlands! Why, the three grand "National Parks" which this Government has decreed shall forever be preserved inviolate as parks, are each nearly as large as Ireland. These parks are grand beyond conception in their scenery; and, as the Yo Semite is to all other valleys in the world, so are these stu-

pendous reservations to all other public estates. In the not-distant future these parks will be visited by people from every civilized nation on the globe, and their splendor of mountain, field and flood—their astonishing physical attributes and strange phenomena—their almost countless herds of buffalo and antelope and quantity of other game—their surpassingly healthful atmosphere and numerous sources of personal enjoyment, will be among the greatest of our national glories.

CURIOSITY.

I HAVE had a little tiff with brother Tom, and I don't like him one bit. He wants to make me believe that the masculine bipeds never have any curiosity, when I know better. They may call it "the desire to gain information," as much as they will, but, for all that, it's *curiosity*, and they can't make any thing else out of it.

Don't I know how curious people are to know who "Eve" really is, and don't I know that these curious ones are *not* of the female sex? And Tom's as bad as the rest of them, although I don't suppose he cares one straw for me, but he does pester me with the words, "Whom do you suppose this person is, and where do you suppose she lives?"—I always notice it's a *she*—and do you suppose that, is her right name? etc. He is a very nice person to talk about curiosity, isn't he?

If there's any thing to cause a crowd in the street you never see the men-folks rush to see what the matter is—oh, no, of course not! Men never have the slightest curiosity, according to brother Tom's creed, and such a piece of perfection as he is, surely ought to know.

I confess I am gifted with the bump of curiosity, but I'll not confess that it's any stronger than what is contained in the opposite sex, because I don't believe it.

And I *believe* in curiosity too, when it is of the right sort; and what that right sort exactly is, is what I am going to tell you. It's so simple I say a wise thing that I don't suppose I'll get any credit for my remarks. However, I'm going to say just what I mean, and you shall take it for what it's worth.

I believe we should have curiosity enough to see who our suffering fellow-mortals really are, and not remain ignorant on that point. This curiosity would impel us to visit many places where we would find many deserving objects of charity, and it's ten times better doing this good work than wandering about the streets, wondering if Miss A.'s color is her own, or where Mrs. B. buys her hair; which does neither them nor you any good.

What's the use of our feeling badly when we hear of some poor brakeman on the cars losing his life while on duty, if we don't have curiosity enough in us to find out in what condition his family is left? and then, though we can't bring back the dead to life, we can, in a measure, assuage the grief of those he has left behind him.

Do you suppose these stories about poverty and destitution are merely written for us to make our hours pass and glide by more quickly? Not a bit of it. They are intended to make us look into ourselves, and see if we are doing as we would be done by.

There, my dear sir, how will that do for a sermon?

But, as for this curiosity which causes us to pry into our neighbors' business and find out all the little bits of petty scandal to retail over to a too willing ear, I don't vote for it and I don't want it within five miles of me.

Too sharp, eh? Impregnated with too much pepper?

I can't help that; it's my way, and you wouldn't refuse to let a woman have her way, would you?

Now, my dear sisters, haven't you a brother Tom, who opens your papers before you get a chance to look at them, and who wants to know from whom such and such a letter came? Of course these young men in the family have no curiosity; they don't care a bit; it's only duty to plague you, and then, when you do *gratify* their non-curiosity, they're mean enough to say, "I knew it all the time."

That's all for the present, but if I hear any thing further about the males not having curiosity, you may expect another "growl" from

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

My Collection of Paintings.

I HAVE long been noted for my devotion to Art. My father often used to observe that I was one of the most artful boys of the age, and that I deserved the *medal*, and already had it bad. My father was a very worthy man.

I love paintings. Painters know it, and when any one of them has a picture which he can not sell, he always comes to me. I buy it. I have frequently paid sums of money for them; the consequence is that I have now one of the most extensive collection of paintings in the land.

Among the most remarkable paintings in my library, I may be allowed to mention the following rare ones:

"A Keg of Soft Soap." This is a very sentimental picture; small, but the artist could not make it larger without making it a barrel instead of a keg. You can not but admire the general smoothness of the painting.

"The Olympic Races." Here we observe four stalwart Greeks running for the prize. The artist has been highly praised for the new and masterly manner which he has adopted to represent great speed—that is, he has not painted any legs to the men. They are going so fast that of course you can't see them. A companion piece to this picture is a "Horse-race," or Dexter at his full speed, by the same artist. No horse is visible, however, in the picture—going too fast.

"Whitehorn's Portrait." This can not be too highly praised. The artist treated the subject in a gentlemanly manner—while painting it, and I may add, the subject also treated the artist likewise. It is high-toned. The general coloring is admirable, but that of the nose I condemn. The artist spread it on. I told him that wasn't according to nature. He said he knew that; he thought it might be wine.

"A Deceased Goose." This is a very lifelike painting and full of animation. The features of the goose are beautiful in repose, and a smile which it died with clothes its face with a grandeur which is exalting to the soul, and cheers but does not incite. I feel that words fail me. You will observe that the goose has no feathers on. The reason was this: the city artist had never seen a goose alive, and when he discovered this one hanging in a butcher's stall, he borrowed it for the purpose of painting it; he painted it well enough, but didn't return it worth a cent. It is supposed that he completely exhausted the subject.

"A Scene in the Mid Ocean." This you will notice represents nothing but water and sky. The exact locality is not known, but people say they have seen it in crossing the ocean, and recognize the picture at once. The water is wet enough, but the artist didn't mix enough salt in it to suit the taste of critics. There is not a ripple on the sea, but he did a gross wrong to paint so much wind in the cloudless sky, which is considered a deviation from

art. I hold that no man can paint a good wind and be successful; but I may have my own ideas, and still be wrong. The main beauty of this picture, or sea-n, is that if you turn it upside down, it presents the same view. I like that feature in a picture, for lots of paintings in my collection get accidentally hung wrong side up, and after admiring them for a week or so, I find they are wrong, and then I have to go to the trouble of reversing them. Then, again, many paintings never show their best points until they are turned to the wall.

"The Desert of Sahara." The only defect of this picture is the general absence of good shading. The artist selected this subject because he wasn't good at shading. He should have thrown a sunshade or umbrella in.

The very beautiful and soul-stirring painting of "Sardines" is done in oil.

"Niagara Falls," done in water colors, is a beautiful picture; so perfect is it that the mist which arises from it has dampened the whole end of the room. The artist succeeded so well in painting the roar of the falling waters that it is perfectly deafening. People contemplating trips to Niagara invariably give them up and come here, preferring to see this picture. It is an awe-filled likeness; when you gaze at it, you imagine that you see it.

"Hydraulic Ram." This is a picture of great power and force.

"An Arctic Scene." This picture is a little mythological, and represents the interior of a beer-cooler, with cakes of ice piled on the beer-kegs. I employed the artist to paint an Arctic scene, and he somewhat let his fancy deceive him.

"A Mud-puddle." This is considered a great masterpiece—it was painted by a poetical lady artist. It is a picture of great depth, and you admire the breadth of it, and the classical pose of that sentimental frog sitting on the log, while his mind runs far back in the shadowy past, and he dreams of the golden days when he was an innocent tadpole.

"A Night Scene." This picture is so dark that you have to look at it with a candle. The artist should have thrown more light in it, or put a couple of gas-lamps here and there. He had to paint it with his eyes blindfolded to give it the true touch.

"A Noontide Rest." This represents me as a boy, taking a little rest from hoeing corn, at noon. I recline in the shade; but how the artist could have the presumption to put the sun so very low in the west, I can't tell. He said he always painted from real life.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Who go to balls.—Woman's distract of Woman.—A Peep Behind the Scenes.—Costly Toilettes.

For three years past I have attended most of the large balls at the Academy of Music in this city. I do not dance; my dancing days are over; I did not go to meet the dancers in a social way, and personally, I know but few of the ball-goers. I know them all by name, passing well; for, gentle reader, I go as a ball reporter.

A lady ball reporter has rare opportunities for meeting the *human* side of the woman's world. To a man, particularly a young and susceptible one, those silkies and gauzy-robed and jewel-decked women look like angels. Some of them may be saints, but I would never go to a ball reporter.

The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each other that way in the dressing-room?"

"I shall tell you nothing. I know you can imagine it all but too well."

In truth, I began to feel a little ashamed and jealous for the honor of my sex.

Women of other nations know how to be rude, but it takes an American woman to be consistently and conscientiously and habitually rude; and upon my word I do believe that these American women who go the balls at the Academy, understand the thing as a fine art!

I will not go into any details, but will only say that I would not like for any of the natural enemies of womankind to get a peep into that great dressing-room.

"Really, Mr. Neuby," I replied, "I did not know you observed so closely; you are the only gentleman friend I have who has ever noticed the shocking rudeness of my sex—that eye-daggering—which has so often pained me, even more when I see it practiced on another than on myself; for I am growing old, and resigned to that which I have not the vanity to hope I could ever amend, by precept or example."

The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each other that way in the dressing-room?"

"I shall tell you nothing. I know you can imagine it all but too well."

In truth, I began to feel a little ashamed and jealous for the honor of my sex.

Women of other nations know how to be rude, but it takes an American woman to be consistently and conscientiously and habitually rude; and upon my word I do believe that these American women who go the balls at the Academy, understand the thing as a fine art!

I will not go into any details, but will only say that I would not like for any of the natural enemies of womankind to get a peep into that great dressing-room.

"Really, Mr. Neuby," I replied, "I did not know you observed so closely; you are the only gentleman friend I have who has ever noticed the shocking rudeness of my sex—that eye-daggering—which has so often pained me, even more when I see it practiced on another than on myself; for I am growing old, and resigned to that which I have not the vanity to hope I could ever amend, by precept or example."

The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each other that way in the dressing-room?"

"I shall tell you nothing. I know you can imagine it all but too well."

In truth, I began to feel a little ashamed and jealous for the honor of my sex.

"Really, Mr. Neuby," I replied, "I did not know you observed so closely; you are the only gentleman friend I have who has ever noticed the shocking rudeness of my sex—that eye-daggering—which has so often pained me, even more when I see it practiced on another than on myself; for I am growing old, and resigned to that which I have not the vanity to hope I could ever amend, by precept or example."

The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each other that way in the dressing-room?"

"I shall tell you nothing. I know you can imagine it all but too well."

In truth, I began to feel a little ashamed and jealous for the honor of my sex.

"Really, Mr. Neuby," I replied, "I did not know you observed so closely; you are the only gentleman friend I have who has ever noticed the shocking rudeness of my sex—that eye-daggering—which has so often pained me, even more when I see it practiced on another than on myself; for I am growing old, and resigned to that which I have not the vanity to hope I could ever amend, by precept or example."

The old gentleman chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell me," said he, "do they look at each other that way in the dressing-room?"

UNTRUE.

BY MARY HAZARD.

When thou art false, what truth can be?
I grope in sore bewilderment—
I scarce believe mine own intent,
Since that I was deceived in thee.

But, nay! 'tis some distempered dream,
And vapors foul beguile my sense,
I'll drive the haunting fancies hence.
They are not real, but only seem.

As well the Orient glow might prove
False harbinger of budding day,
As the coy blushes' fitful play
Thy soft cheek mean night but love.

Then—when the deep, unchanging blue
Of Heaven shall symbolize deceit—
Duplicity shall harbor meet.

Find in thine eye of blinded love.

Doth treachery lurk in thy call
To thy true self? Is it his mate?

And coos the turtle-dove for hate?

Thy voice proclaims thee true, my all!

And yet, what means this chilling pain?

Nay, 'tis a dream! Awake! Awake!

My heart! and from thy pulses shake!

This incubus; and seek again—

Alas! seek what? Th' averted look?

That once so eager met my glance?

The shrinking from thy fond advance,

As loth Love's dalliance to brook?

And why that sudden downcast eye?

That mantles o'er her cheek and brow?

The quickened breath—the fluttering sigh?

Nay! drink my soul, the bitter rue!

Heap—heap the ashes on thy head!

Love's but a name, all Truth is dead;

Since she—God help me!—she's untrue!

It might have been the magnetic influence of the storm that made Kenneth so unusually quiet; at all events, whatever the cause, Phil had rallied him on it more than once that evening.

"I say, you are a perfect bear, Ken. What on earth do you mean by asking a fellow in to have a smoke, and then sit like a statue when he comes? 'Tisn't the old story, is it? you and Miss Addie haven't had a fall out, eh?"

If Kenneth moved uneasily in his chair, certainly Mr. Darrel showed his feelings on the subject by manifesting a decided embarrassment when he mentioned Addie Trevlyn's name; such a decided embarrassment, too, that Kenneth looked up in unfeigned amazement.

"I have had no falling out with Miss Addie, nor am I likely to have, although I will confess the cause of my 'bearishness' is my inability to accept her kind invitation up to Trevlyn Park next week."

Suddenly Phil's eyes brightened. "Aren't you going?" he returned, eagerly. "I thought you'd go. We'll have a fine time, I think."

It was Kenneth's turn now to look up in surprise.

"Are you going?"

Phil laughed. "Can't you trust me, Ken? But if I can win Addie Trevlyn?"

A half timid knock on the door interrupted him, and then a miserable little girl, dripping rain from her scant, short garments, entered partly through.

"If you please, sir—a penny—" "Get out there, you nuisance! Put her out, Ken!"

Phil's rough words made the girl shrink back, but Kenneth indignantly silenced him.

"Are you not ashamed, and she a child? Put her out in this fearful storm! Come in, sissy, and get warm, if not dry."

Kenneth spoke kindly to the little shivering thing, and then Phil laughed, as if it was the finest joke in the world.

"Kenneth Mortimer, you're an A. 1 lunatic! Here you've been in New York all your life, and at the advanced age of twenty-eight, offer the hospitalities of your office to a little street beggar, whose mother is sick and whose father's dead, I'll bet a quarter—ain't they sis?"

Kenneth's lip curled.

"I have not lived long enough in New York, or anywhere else, to turn any creature out into such a tempest. She is welcome to the little comfort of a roof and warmth."

Phil carefully knocked the column of ashes from his cigar, with a dexterous move of his little finger.

"Ring for oysters and champagne. Hadn't you better, Ken?"

But Kenneth was listening to the voluble story the girl was pouring forth, and when she had done, handed her a dollar bill.

"That will take you home in a car, and give you a fire and supper, if no more. Now, run along, sis; I hear a car, and it holds up a little."

Out into the darkness she darted, and Kenneth turned with a white, worried face to Phil.

"What was it you said about Miss Trevlyn a few moments ago?"

He seemed to be scarce patient enough to wait for Philip Darrel's deliberate answer.

"Miss Trevlyn? Oh! that I should cultivate her acquaintance particularly, the fortnight I am in her father's house. Truth is, Ken, I'm in love with her, and if she'll have me, it's all right. I can balance her account at her banker's, I guess."

Kenneth's face was turned away, and his voice came dull and pain-laden for Philip's answer.

"If I could afford to lose the time, and spend the money, nothing would afford me greater bliss than to pass fortnight in Addie Trevlyn's company. As I can't do this—"

I foresee it all! You will win her, while I—oh! if she only knew how I love her!"

"She knows it!"

And Addie Trevlyn's sweet voice, clear and low, sounded on their astonished ears, and Addie Trevlyn, her face all blushed, her eyes luminous, walked up to Kenneth and extended her hands, while at the door, half grave, half amused, stood her father.

"I know you love me, Kenneth, and I love you; and to-night you have proved by your charity to the beggar girl I persuaded to apply to you, and by your brave refusal to join my pleasure party, because you did not feel able to afford it, that you are both kind and prudent. And, Kenneth, because I have lent myself to this little scheme you will not turn me away—as Mr. Darrel would the beggar-girl?"

"Turn you away! Miss Trevlyn—Addie—can it be true? Addie dearest!" and he stooped to whisper in her ear words too sacred for Philip Darrel's or her father's ear.

"Mr. Darrel," she said, after a moment, "let this be a lesson to you, that charity and prudence go hand in hand with other good traits of character which, I am forced to admit, I can not discover in you, Kenneth" and Addie turned to him again, "don't let papa scold me, will you?"

But Mr. Trevlyn's face was too serious to suggest even a scolding.

"Addie's eccentric, I think—just a little, you know," he said to Kenneth, as he smoothed her sun-bright hair, "and I've spoiled her, I suppose."

"If other girls could only be so spoiled," he returned, as he caressed her hand; and Phil Darrel, finding he was decidedly *de trop*, got away, thinking what a remarkably good investment that dollar of Ken's was.

He didn't join the party at Trevlyn Park, and Kenneth Mortimer did, for *vere Trevlyn* suddenly discovered the immediate need, the pressing want of an architect to plan for the two new wings on the building. And as Mr. Mortimer was regarded universally as a rising young architect—why, it was the handiest thing in the world; or at least, Kenneth and Addie thought so, when, on those warm moonlight evenings they walked through the spacious grounds.

The Beautiful Forger: or, THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT,

AUTHOR OF "MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HACIENDA AND ITS INMATES.

SINCE the American conquest of California, the terms rancho and ranch have been applied to small farms, and sometimes in slang to houses, tents, or to liquor shops. Formerly a rancho meant a tract of land appropriated for pasture, often four miles or more square, and sometimes much larger. A ranchero was a man who owned or lived on one of these; and it was the pride of the Spanish Californian to wear that title. They were not generally possessed of much knowledge of agriculture or business; but they affected an absolute independence; and those who succeeded the original race in their possessions lived in the same style. The chief wealth was in lands and cattle. The herdsmen, often numerous on large

estates, were Indians and Mexicans, sometimes little above the savages, but usually faithful to their employers.

One of these large and well-cultivated estates was in excellent order, and would have attracted the admiration of casual travelers. An extensive corral—a part of all cattle ranches—was surrounded by a high and stout fence. The dwelling-house, of rambling architecture, was built partly of the unburned brick, and was strong enough to resist the assault of mrauders. The grounds surrounding it were laid out with attention to artistic effect, and were fine specimens of ornamental horticulture. Strange and beautiful evergreens, native to the gardens of Australia, were striking features; there was the malva tree, growing to the height of fifteen feet, and green all the year round, large crimson flowers mingling with its wealth of foliage. There was the mayo tree, also evergreen, a native of Chili, brilliant in the season with its profuse yellow flowers. The Australian bean, bearing flowers, too, in contrast with its compact, bright leaves, and other climbing and creeping plants, made a luxuriant diaper for walls and the facade, which was covered with faded frescoes. The honeysuckle and laurus-tinus added their contributions. Roses and verbena were seen in clusters on the lawn. From the windows above, in front, and the veranda roof, this flowers picture might be seen; with the rich meadows beyond, and the slope of hills on which sheep were feeding in scattered flocks.

The patio of a Mexican house is its proper name. This was paved with brick, and had a fountain with a tank in the center, over which exotic plants trailed their glossy leaves. Round three sides of the court ran a veranda; its floor of painted tiles a little above the level of the paved court; its roof supported by a row of portales; its windows, glazed, reaching to the ground. The house windows opened into this veranda.

The house was old-fashioned, spacious and irregular; but the dark, oak-paneled walls were hung with several fine paintings, and there was every accessory to household comfort in a large establishment.

In the reception-room on the ground floor were two persons; one a middle-aged gentleman in a silk dressing-gown, standing by the window, and the other a lady a few years older, seated in a leather easy-chair with a book in her hand. Her person was spare, and her face thin and deeply lined; her eyes were gray and deep-set; and her whole expression was severe and repellent. She wore a cap of ancient fashion, but exquisite neatness, and her dress of faded silk lay in undisturbed folds, as if used to slow movements.

She laid down her book, and took up some crochet-work, before speaking to the gentleman, who still stood by the window.

"What time did Stephen come back?" she asked, at length.

"This morning, early."

"And he could learn nothing?"

"I don't think he made any inquiries, or did anything except to go to the house. It was closed, and not a soul was there."

"It is very strange. I have my suspicions—"

"You always have suspicions, Martelle," said the gentleman, turning round suddenly and facing the lady. His face was decidedly prepossessing. The features were grand in outline; the complexion was ruddy; the eyes were dark and melting with kindness; the mouth was firm and composed, but ready to curve into a smile that bespoke the truest benevolence.

"You are always fancying some harm to come; though what you apprehend in this instance I really can not imagine."

"The more stupid of you David!" retorted the spinster, throwing a glance of scorn at her brother-in-law, for in such relation stood David Ormsley to Martelle De Lorme. "This girl whom Walter brought here—"

"Poor little thing! Is there any thing dangerous about her?"

"Not as you understand danger, perhaps, but—"

"How is she this morning? She looked last night like a wilted lily."

"She will do well enough. I sent her breakfast to her room. I hope she will be able to leave us to-morrow."

"Where can she go? Her father is not at home, Stephen says."

"But the house is there, and she will do best at home."

"You are not hospitable, Martelle, to wish to send away the girl, especially when she has just escaped a terrible danger."

"She ought to have stayed at home. I don't like these wandering ladies, that always manage to pick up handsome young men as deliverers and escorts."

"How silly you are, Martelle! Walter and Stephen, riding through the woods, heard a woman's screams, and were just in time to save the girl from a brutal murderer. What could Walter do? Leave her to be killed by the monster who had carried her off? He did right to bring her here."

"And how long is she to stay?"

"Till her father is found, and her nurse."

"And till your son falls desperately in love with her."

"He has had no chance to do that yet," said the gentleman, smiling. "She has been ill ever since she came."

"She is very pretty, and the ride here together was enough for so susceptible a young gentleman. He has been asking after her health with a wonderful deal of tenderness."

"Martelle, you need not be overcautious; my son will take care of himself. Where is he now?"

"Go on an errand for the girl. While Stephen went to see if her father was at home, Walter needs ride off to the place in the forest where he found her first, to look for a trumpery locket she had lost from her neck when she was struggling to escape. The young man is bewitched!"

"Tell him to come to me in the library when he comes home."

"And the girl—can Stephen take her in the wagon to her father's house?"

"No; she must remain here till she wishes to go; and then I will take her myself."

"Very well; I will take care Walter has no chance of a talk with her," muttered the lady; and rising, she went out to give some directions to the servants.

Walter Ormsley would have gone to the pit in the forest without the excuse of a search for the locket; for he felt some anxiety about the half-breed, whom he had thrust into the hole and covered with loose earth. It would have been no joke to him if the result had been fatal. But he soon found he had no cause for uneasiness. The victim had speedily and surely scratched his way to the surface. Half the earth was out of the pit and scattered in every direction; and the villain had disappeared.

Walter looked around for him, and seeing no one, followed the well-marked trail through the woods till he came to the lodge already described.

This was, no doubt, he thought, the place described by the young lady he had rescued.

The door was slightly fastened; but it was an easy matter to get in. There were traces of recent occupancy. A fire smoldered in the

narrow fireplace, and there were fragments of meat and corn-bread in the saucier pan on the hearth. Some one had slept and breakfasted. The furniture was somewhat in disorder. As the young man lifted the buffalo-robe from the rude couch, something hard fell to the floor. It was the locket, the link of which had broken loosening it from the ribbon worn by Helen. Knowing that it must be hers, he put it carefully in his pocket-book.

He did not see the evil eyes peering at him through a knot-hole in one of the boards inclosing the lodge. He did not see the muzzle of a gun inserted in the hole—and pointed directly at him; then withdrawn, with a muttered, "Not yet!" from the savage creature who held it in his pocket-book.

All was silence when the young gentleman had finished his survey. Satisfied that all was right, young Ormsley left the cabin, and retraced his path to where he had left his horse. He sang a lively air as he went, for his heart was light within him, and he imagined the sweet surprise of the lovely maiden who owed him her life, when he should restore to her the treasured trinket she had lost.

Martelle was right in her supposition. Helen's enchanting face, the image of a pure and upright soul, had made a deep impression on the young man's heart; and the sad circumstances in which she was placed—helpless, friendless, and dependent on the care of her father and aunt—only added to the interest surrounding her.

CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL, AS HE RODE HOMEWARD, BUT OUT OF SIGHT EXCEPT AT INTERVALS, FOLLOWED ULRIC, WHO HAD SECURED HIS OWN HORSE. ALL THE EVIL PASSIONS OF HIS NATURE WERE STIRRED WITHIN HIM, AND HE BURNED FOR REVENGE. HIS PASSION FOR THE YOUNG GIRL HE HAD DECORED FROM HOME, HIS AMBITION TO ELEVATE HIMSELF BY A MARRIAGE WITH HER, WERE ACTIVE AS EVER; AND HE SAW IN THIS YOUNG MAN A POSSIBLE RIVAL. HOW HE HATED HIM AS HE RODE CARELESSLY ON, RUSHING THE WOODLAND ECHOES WITH HIS SONG. HE WAS vexed that he had not shot him in the lodge. He would have done so but for fear of discovery and punishment. Twice he urged his horse within gunshot, and leveled his weapon; but each time concluded it was safest to try no such desperate game. It would be an ugly thing to be apprehended, condemned and executed. Ulrich had once seen a man hung; and the very thought made him shudder. In those days, when the country was sparsely populated, the chances of escape were small for the perpetrator of such a crime.

WHEN WALTER ORMSLEY ARRIVED AT HOME, HE FOUND THE FAMILY WAITING FOR HIM. HE LOOKED AT THE SPINSTER WITH ANXIOUS EYES, AND SHE MET HIM WITH A SMILE.

"WHEN WALTER ARRIVED AT HOME, HE FOUND THE SPINSTER WITH ANXIOUS E

the house! What would happen next? The creature might come back and set fire to the building, in hopes to carry off the girl in the confusion. Their lives were all in danger.

Ormsley laughed at her fears; but he was not sorry to be relieved of the responsibility of sheltering a young girl from the machinations of evil men. She would be safest at home; and he was resolved to take her there, and to see her father.

So, the next morning, in spite of Walter's remonstrances, Stephen was ordered to get up the carriage. Helen took leave of her friends, and gladly took her seat, looking forward with hope that all would be well.

CHAPTER XV.

NOT LOST BUT FOUND.

DR. MERLE was so much improved after a night's rest that he was able to prescribe for himself. He refused to be taken from his own house till he was strong enough to undertake a journey; for he was resolved to go in search of his daughter. Margaret encouraged him with energy; for she was not only burning with anxiety herself, but she knew it was a perilous thing for him to lie quiet at home and think of the poor girl in the power of that monster, Ulric Boyce.

With the remnant of her savings she hired a rude one-horse wagon, in which she placed a mattress of straw for the invalid, and a basket filled with provisions and dried fruits. As soon as her master felt himself well enough to bear the fatigue, in spite of the remonstrances of the village *medico* or practitioner, the two set out, guided by the inquiries made along the road, on the track of the deceiver and the young lady.

Helen and her attendant were both too remarkable in appearance to escape the observation of the country people; nor had the half-breed taken any pains to conceal his route, supposing that his designs would be successfully accomplished long before any pursuit would be made. So that Margaret had little difficulty in tracing the road taken.

Their progress was indeed extremely slow, for one horse could not be driven rapidly with a heavy load; and the frequent stoppages necessary took up a great deal of time. It was not until the third day that they reached the log farm-house where Helen had been so hospitably entertained for the night.

Here they heard a glowing account of the poor deceived girl and her anticipations of soon meeting her dearly loved father. Margaret shed bitter tears at the recital. She gave a narrative of the real facts, and the old farmer brought in a neighbor, who had met the pair several miles further on their journey, and gave such information as enabled them to conjecture with some degree of certainty the direction they had taken.

Thus it happened that on Helen's arrival at her home, accompanied by David Ormsley, she found it utterly deserted. Her inquiries in the rancheria only elicited the fact that the doctor and his housekeeper had gone in search of her.

The disappointment was crushing. It was difficult for her friend, Mr. Ormsley, to prevent her from sinking into the abandonment of despair. She could not rally sufficiently to think what was next to be done.

Her friend proposed that she should remain quietly with some one in the *rancheria*, while he attended to a little business to be transacted that would detain him but a day or two. Then he would see her again, and if she had heard nothing, he would return home and take measures for such a search as would bring her father back.

Ormsley would have been glad to have the young girl return with him to his house, but she preferred remaining, to be in the way of receiving any communication; and she placed herself under the care of the good housekeeper, Margaret's friend.

Meantime the doctor and Margaret pursued their route; the woman showing the instinct of a sleuth-hound, or an Indian in discovering the trail. Slight indications that would have escaped an experienced traveler, sufficed for her.

They came upon the deaf old man in the shanty, and managed to make him understand them. His astonishment on learning the truth about the young girl and her attendant, was so great, that he proffered his assistance in tracing their further route, and rendered most valuable help. He followed the horses' path into the forest; and when they came to the spot where Ulric had left the animals, Margaret, with a cry of joy, pointed to his footsteps in the moist soil. He wore a peculiar shoe on one foot, different from the other; his footprints could be dimly takably recognized.

Margaret's heart beat high as they followed the track. At last they reached the lodge; and here they could doubt no longer. One of the blankets had been brought from Dr. Merle's house, and some other small articles of furniture were familiar to the housekeeper.

Dr. Merle picked up from the rude couch a fine linen handkerchief, with initials delicately embroidered in one corner. It was one of Helen's. As he recognized it, he covered his face with his hands, and sunk to the ground with a deep groan.

Margaret strove with all her might to encourage him; and they lost no time in prosecuting the search. The footprints were well marked—both going and returning—that led deeper into the woods. The deaf old man accompanied them, shaking his head slowly, and muttering as he went.

They stood at length by the steep, moss-grown rock already mentioned, and a shiver of horror pervaded the frame of the startled doctor, as his eyes fell on the pit so recently filled up—so like a new-made grave. He was unable to speak. He could only throw himself on his knees, and hide his face upon the damp earth.

Margaret, too, was petrified; the same thought occurred to her, that her young mistress had been killed and buried there hastily. All the ground around bore the marks of a severe struggle. She gave a heartbroken shriek, threw herself down by the doctor, and mingled her sobs with the groans that burst from his heart.

It was thought best to accept this hospitable invitation. Margaret gave her store of silver to the deaf old man, and Stephen, having thanked the wood-cutter for his help, mounted his horse and rode alongside the wagon.

Thus it happened that Dr. Merle became a guest at the house to which Helen had been taken after her rescue. Margaret accompanied him, resolved to seek her young mistress as soon as she could leave him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 155.)

THERE appears no doubt but the production of silk will within the next few years be an important interest in California. Everywhere on the poorest lands in this State the mulberry can be cultivated—in the valleys and on the mountains. Millions of acres may be used for the production of silk. The climate of California is just that required, except that, perhaps, on a small belt near the ocean, and the absence of rains and fogs make it a matter of probability that silk worms can be managed with the slightest shelter. There is a field opening in the direction indicated beyond the imagination of most of our citizens at present.

Rocky Mountain Rob, THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW;

OR,

The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "A STRANGE GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

FACE TO FACE.

AND while the second outlaw was urging the first to retreat, and he, ruefully regarding his bleeding hand, was calling down curses upon the head of the ambushed marquis, Talbot's voice rung out clear upon the air:

"There's only two left, boys, and one of them's wounded, so steady; Jim and Bill take 'em in the flank, and keep 'em in to the mountain; up and at 'em!" and then Talbot yelled like a demon.

"Blazes! there's an army of them!" cried one of the outlaws, and then the two dashed back over the rocks and through the bushes, going up the canyon like hunted antelopes.

The stranger in the bushes sent half a dozen shots after them with his repeating rifle as fast as he could fire. He understood the stratagem. The road-agents running for their lives up the canyon, were completely convinced that, in place of one man, they had really been contending with a dozen.

The noise made by the outlaws crashing through the bush had hardly died away when Talbot stepped forth from his place of concealment in the mouth of the smaller canyon. He was curious to see the man who had given the desperate outlaws such a terrible lesson.

Dick had hardly gained the center of the open space, and there was a mutual start of surprise. Each recognized the other.

The horseman was the man who, at the Waterproof saloon, in answer to Colonel Jacks, had stated that his name was John Rimee.

Hardly had the young man caught sight of Talbot's face, when he dropped the reins of the horse which he was leading, cocked the Spencer, and brought it half up on a line with Dick's breast.

Talbot, ten paces from the stranger, stirred at the menacing motion, and moved neither hand nor foot to stay the threatened attack. He only surveyed the stranger in wonder, and, holding in his hand the knotted stick, he leaned edgily upon it.

A moment in silence the stranger covered Talbot with the muzzle of his rifle; there was a nervous tremor in his hand, a finger of which was pressed upon the trigger, but the pressure which would have sent the rifle-ball to Dick's heart was wanting.

"You are Dick Talbot!" the stranger said, slowly, and there was a strange nervousness in his manner.

"Yes, I am Dick Talbot," the threatened man replied, as cool and unconcerned as if he had not spent the entire night in perious adventures, and now, at the very moment of apparent rescue, had not encountered another danger as terrible as any of those through which he had just passed.

"You do not deny your name?"

"No; why should I?"

"And yet there is danger in owing that you are Dick Talbot."

"I can't help it," Dick replied, coolly; "it would be of little use to deny my identity to you, and if my time has come, I might as well die."

Then Rimee swung himself into the saddle and galloped off, taking the road back to the valley.

face of the young man; what he read there brought first a look of astonishment, and then a shrewd smile.

"You are yet but a boy in years—too young to make such a sweeping assertion. Why, the down of your mustache is just appearing on your lip."

A shade of annoyance passed rapidly over the face of the young man. It was evident that something in Talbot's speech had offended him.

"I think that I have guessed why you see my life," Talbot continued, slowly, his keen eyes still fixed upon the expressive face before him, and reading in that face the thoughts passing in the young man's mind, as plainly as though they had been translated into words.

"Well?"

"I have taken away some fair maiden, that you coveted."

The look of utter disgust which flashed rapidly across the face of the young man was proof positive to Talbot that his guess was right.

"Never mind the reason; suffice it that I have sworn to kill you," Rimee said, hastily.

"Why on earth don't you do it, then?" asked Dick, impatiently. "Here, for a good ten minutes you've kept your rifle leveled at my breast, playing with me as the cat plays with the mouse. You can't possibly miss me at this distance, for you can handle the rifle equal to a squirrel hunter as the dead men yonder can testify, could they speak?"

"Did you give the warning which stopped me on the edge of this place? Rimee asked, suddenly.

Talbot simply nodded.

"You saved me from death then, for I dreamed not that danger was near, and should have fallen an easy prey."

"Yes, that's true; a single foot beyond the cover and you would have been a dead man. What a pity I stopped you!" Talbot said, reflectively. "If I had only known who it was, I could have let you come on; the outlaws would have picked you off, and I should have had one for the less."

"And you would have let me go blindly to my death?"

"Of course I!" and Dick looked smilingly into the face of the other.

"I do not believe it!" Rimee cried, and he dropped the butt of the rifle to the ground. "You have saved my life, and I'll not raise a finger against you."

"You will not seek my life, then?"

"At the present, no; in the future, yes. So be on your guard. I saved your life in Barrel camp; you have returned the favor to-day, and now we are even. Arm yourself, for the next time we meet, one of us must die!"

Then Rimee swung himself into the saddle and galloped off, taking the road back to the valley.

CHAPTER XXII.

"GOING" FOR THE PRIZE.

TALBOT looked after the young stranger, a quiet smile upon his face.

"What in the world have I done to this young man or to friends of his, that he should hate me so bitterly?" he asked, as he listened to the rapidly-receding sound of the horse's hoofs striking upon the rocky trail.

Talbot had asked a question which he could not answer.

And then it suddenly occurred to him that the horseman, instead of proceeding on his journey, had actually turned squarely around and retraced his way back to the valley.

"Hang me if I can understand it at all," he muttered.

By this time the sun was high in the heavens and its warm beams were particularly agreeable to Talbot, whose heavy woolen garments were yet wet from his passage through the water.

Then Talbot turned his attention to the dead outlaws.

"To the victor belong the spoils!" he cried. "It is an old adage," and then Dick quickly possessed himself of their revolvers, and from the belt of the giant took the keen-edged bowie-knife.

"Remingtons, and in capital order, too," Talbot murmured, as he examined the revolvers. Then from the outlaws' pockets he supplied himself with cartridges.

Removing the masks from their faces, he examined their features. Both were strangers to him.

"The vultures will make short work of the stranger's face. It was evident that a struggle was going on in his breast.

"Do you remember me?" he asked, after quite a long pause.

"Oh, yes," Talbot replied, with perfect unconcern; "I met you about a year ago at Barrel Camp, on the Salmon river. Some hasty gentlemen were about to string me up without trial or jury, when you interfered and saved me."

"Do you remember what I said to you then?"

"Perfectly; you told me that you bore me a deadly hatred; that you were hunting me down for the express purpose of killing me."

"I saved your life, then," the stranger said, slowly.

"Yes; but as you were kind enough to inform me, you saved me that you might have the pleasure of killing me yourself."

"You remember that I gave you one year to live?"

"Yes, but I have exceeded that time by a month at least."

"Thank accident for that," Rimee said, quickly.

"I tracked you to Bannock city; but for your abrupt departure for the mountains, you would not have outlived the year more than a week."

"But now, my young friend, you've got me, fool haven't you?" and Dick really smiled in face of his foe.

Rimee's brow grew dark, and his eyes flashed as he noticed the smile upon Talbot's face. The hands which held the rifle trembled; the smile invited him, and yet he did not fire.

"It does not seem to trouble you much," Rimee said, with bitter accent.

"Why should it?" Dick asked, contemptuously.

"Is not life valuable to you?"

"What have I to live for?" Talbot asked in return.

Rimee shook his head.

"How should I know? I can only say that life has charms to every man, no matter what may be his lot in life."

"That is not always true," Talbot said, slowly and sadly. "Some men live too long; and then death is a blessing, not a curse."

"Are you such a man?"

"No; I am nothing," Talbot replied, carelessly. "I am so old a gambler—have played so often with my life, as with my gold-dust, that I think as little of losing the one as I do the other. When my time comes I am ready to go."

"No ties then to bind you to the world?"

"Not a solitary tie."

"No woman that you love, and who will mourn for you?"

"No; two women in my life have loved me. One I got, the other I did not care for. The first is dead, the second, in the East, has learned to love another man who will make her a far happier woman than I could ever have done."

"One love only in your life?"

"One true love only," Talbot answered, smiling. "I have liked other women for a time, and then forgotten them, as they have forgotten me."

"You are right," Rimee said, slowly and with a sigh; "women are very worthless creatures."

Talbot's keen eyes were fixed intently on the

women were few and far between in the Wisconsin Valley.

"Yes, nice white squaw—good 'nuff to eat," said the chief, evidently highly impressed with the value of the prize he had captured.

"Who is she?"

"Daughter, white chief, barefooted-on-top-of-head—keeps hash-house, you bet," replied the Indian, with stolid dignity.

"What, Bessie Shook!" cried Talbot, in astonishment.

"Chief play poker with old white father, get dead wood on him. Mud Turtle play poker, heap

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

7

A single look at Bob's demure face ought to have told old Shook that mischief was brewing, but he didn't have the slightest suspicion.

"That's all correct, an' we kin settle the hull thing in two shades of a lamb's tail," the old man said, complacently.

"You played poker with the chief, and put me up as a stake?" Bessie said.

"Yes."

"And the Indian won fairly?"

"Well, yes, I suppose he did," Shook said, ruefully, and the bystanders roared at the expression upon the old man's face.

"If he won, that settles the matter, of course, and I must go with him."

If a thunderbolt had crushed in the roof of the Waterproof saloon at that moment, it could not have astonished the old man more than the girl's announcement.

"What?" yelled the old man, in a rage.

The Indian looked delighted, while the miners gave themselves up to unrestrained merriment.

"Oh, you infernal scoundrel!" roared Shook, shaking his fist at the redoubtable Bob, who was red in the face trying to suppress his laughter; "you've done this?"

And then the crowd roared again.

The Indian was a little astonished at the uproarious mirth. The case had been decided in his favor, and he could see no reason for the unseemly merriment.

"When squaw ready, chief ready, too," he said.

It was evident to all that the chief was in sober earnest. He did not take it as a joke at all.

Bessie looked puzzled for a moment. She did not wish to offend the chief if she could help it; then she thought of a way out of the dilemma.

"Am I to go with you, chief?" she asked.

The Indian gravely nodded assent.

"But where?"

"Home of Blackfoot chief—Muscle-shell river," he replied.

"Oh, but I can't go there, chief," she said, with a winning smile. "I can not go to the wilderness. I must have a nice house like this to live in."

A grave look came over the face of the Indian. He began to see that he was not going to get the squaw after all.

"Chief's lodge is big—buffalo-skins; no house to give white squaw," he said, slowly.

"And, chief, if I marry you, you must become a Christian."

This settled the Indian's doubting mind.

"Be Christian?" he asked.

"Like white father?" and he pointed to Shook.

"Yes."

"Ugh! Injun be Christian like white father; next time he play poker, he say, mountain all mine, stak' um. He lose, he no give mountian. He say, go take him away. Mountain no go, he no pay. When Injun lose, Injun say, He no be Christian—he honest man—no cheat."

Gravely the Indian delivered his sweeping accusation.

"The Injun's right," the miners muttered among themselves.

"Say, old man, I kin fix the thing up," Johny Bird cried, rising. "Spose you pay the Injun so many ounces of gold-dust for to call the thing squar'?"

"Injun no get squaw, he take dust," said the chief, willing to compromise the matter.

"And the white squaw will be the chief's sister," said Bessie, withdrawing from the room.

And so the famous poker case was settled. After a great deal of haggling, the number of ounces was agreed upon, and Old Shook paid them over to the Indian.

But a sigh came from the old man as he weighed over the dust.

"I tell you what it is, boys," he said, gravely, "it don't do to bet on a sure thing in this world now, for sure things air sometimes mighty on-sartin."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 152.)

Cat and Tiger:
OR,
THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED
SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARS," "HUNTERESS, THE
HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALMANS," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VALUE OF THE PAPER.

WHILE the Quack giggled and chucked, he went to the door, locked it and placed the key in his pocket.

Helene silently watched him, the frown on her lovely face growing darker, and her eyes flashing sternly beneath the knitted brows.

She did not like the tone nor speech of Carlos Mendoza. She did not like the significance of that movement, which plainly meant:

"Now, my beautiful belle, you are a close prisoner with us; and you must listen, whether you choose or not, to what I am going to say."

Cortez did not understand. He saw that his father was exuberant over something; he saw that this exuberance was angering their visitor; and why old Carlos should say that she, Helene Cery, was the new sweetheart mentioned in their recent conversation, was more than the young man could conceive—for Helene was an entire stranger to him, and the Quack had not yet made a confidant of his son, so far as to tell him of the purchases made by the belle at the dingy shop.

Cortez, therefore, was filled with surprise, and gazed in blankness and inquiry from one to the other of the two.

"Carlos Mendoza, why did you lock that door?" demanded Helene, angrily.

"Wait! Ho! ho! we'll see presently. I want to tell you how valuable this paper is to me. Oh, how very valuable—and you say it is worthless."

"Unlock the door, sir!"

"Sit down, Cortez—sit down," whined Carlos. "Malediction! I have something important to speak of. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Great deal, my boy—a great deal! He! he! he! Laugh! Laugh! This beautiful belle is to be the wife of my son! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Carlos Mendoza! Wretch! what do you mean by that insult?" Helene half-started from her chair, and her dark orbs lighted with redoubled anger as they riveted staringly on the Quack, chuckling exuberantly.

Cortez strained his ears, and listened in amaze.

"Quiet! Quiet!" old Carlos said, still laughing lowly. "Listen, Cortez! you have heard of Florse Earnciff?—the beautiful blonde of Esplanade street?"

"Yes—she died—"

"Ho! no—she was poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Carlos Mendoza, what are you doing?"

But, Carlos paid her no heed, and continued addressing his son:

"Yes, yes, she was poisoned. And she was poisoned by this beautiful belle here, whose name is Helene Cery—eh, madame?"

The young man looked in astonishment toward Helene.

"Yes, Cortez; she was the rival of Florse. Florse must be removed, because Helene wanted her lover, Dwyer Allison. Oh, I know all about it! Ho! he! But she must have means and a tool. She first buys poison of me, and then finds a tool in Pedro Gomez, the gardener of Elson Earnciff, and the father of Wart Gomez. Ho! a plot, eh? A nice plot!"

"Yes. Malediction!" exclaimed Cortez, now grinning with his father.

"So, Florse was removed. Elson Earnciff could not survive the shock. Both father and daughter were removed. But, what did she do next? Caramba! What did she do with Pedro Gomez, her tool? She called him to her house to-night; drugged him, and then turned him over to some rascals who were to sting him with an asp—the asp, too, she got of me! Ho-ho!"

"Ho-ho!" echoed Cortez.

"Through the keyhole I saw her with Pedro—"

"Curse him! I feared as much!" thought Helene, while she remained silent during the Quack's outburst.

"For she had sent to me for a love-powder, and I had gone with the powder, unseen by the servants, to her private apartments. Malediction! what a plot!"

"Yes. Malediction! Ha! ha! ha!"

"She had written and signed an agreement to either marry Pedro Gomez, or give him half her fortune, after fifteen years. Through the keyhole I saw her place this paper in a small desk, when she turned poor Pedro over to the ruffians. And now I have got the paper! And she says it is of no use to me! Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

Old Carlos bent his slim form nearly double, and laughed in his glee, till his sides were sore and aching.

"I think I see what you are driving at, old man."

"So do I," Helene thought to herself, while a peculiar, contemptuous smile played about her red lips.

"You see, Cortez, my boy?—ho! ho!—you see? I have the written agreement of Helene Cery, to marry, after fifteen years—not Pedro Gomez, but Cortez Mendoza! for we can easily erase the name, and insert a new one. Caramba! Caramba! how good."

"Yes—caramba! it is very good," laughed the son.

The young Spaniard was already in love with the face before him and at prospect of marrying one so beautiful, his whole passionate nature was aroused.

"You mean, then, Carlos Mendoza, that I am to marry your son?" the question was put very calmly, the speaker was not at all disconcerted.

"That is it! That is it!"

"And if I refuse?"

"If you refuse? Malediction! I will expose all your tricks!"

"I am not afraid of that," was Helene's mental comment.

"Carlos Mendoza can not betray me, without implicating himself, and he will suffer equally with me, in the event of the exposure he threatens. He thinks I will not see this. I might astonish him by telling him how easy it would be for me to bring the officers of the law to his house, in search of the abductor and murderer of Carline Mandoros. But, if he would not be sensible for me to do that now, I am locked in this room, and in their power. I must, first, get out of this. Let them go. When they measure weapons with Helene Cery, they will have to fight hard and shrewdly." Then aloud:

"Very well, Carlos Mendoza; you have me in your power, so I must yield."

"She is a magnificent woman! I love her wildly!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"It is well! It is well!" laughed the Quack.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was surging and burning with rage, hate, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her dress.

"There you are!" whined Mendoza, sen.

"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"It is well!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was surging and burning with rage, hate, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her dress.

"There you are!" whined Mendoza, sen.

"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"It is well!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was surging and burning with rage, hate, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her dress.

"There you are!" whined Mendoza, sen.

"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"It is well!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was surging and burning with rage, hate, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her dress.

"There you are!" whined Mendoza, sen.

"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"It is well!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Keep off!" ordered Helene, as the young man advanced with the apparent intention of kissing her. "Let it suffice, for the present, that I yield to your demands. Cortez will have embraces and kisses enough when we are married," and as she spoke—while her bosom was surging and burning with rage, hate, contempt—she even smiled pleasantly on the young Spaniard.

"I will wait," said Cortez, bowing.

Then was her time. Cortez was bowing so that he could not see her; old Carlos was unlocking the door; and, unobserved, she snatched up the box containing the Star of Diamonds, and thrust it out of sight in the folds of her dress.

"There you are!" whined Mendoza, sen.

"Your captivity is over. You are wise. You are politic. Cortez will make you a good husband. So it is understood, eh? You are the betrothed of my son Cortez."

"It is well!" Cortez was saying inwardly.

"Cortez will make you a good husband. Now, do you not think this paper is worth something to me? Salute your sweetheart, Cortez! Kiss her! Ho! ho! ho!"

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

There lived a fox once on a time,
(There were no foxes before boxes),
A small old fox in everything.
Who dealt in bonds and stocks,
And bought and sold bright yellow gold,
Had railway shares in Texas,
Could lift the chickens from the roost,
And quickly wring their necks.

One day this sly old fox was out,
And passing farmer Mapes,
He saw upon a tree a high
A bunch of spindly grapes.
He paused, that lascivious bunch awoke
His palate's tenderest fancies,
He reached up on tiptoe, but they
Hung far above his hands.

Said he, "How much for being short
A man in life oft loses,"
And put his speech upon his nose.
To take some nearer views.
He noted, you good time comes,"
Now grapes, your good time closes,"
And gathers up some stones and clubs,
And at them fast he throws.

But ah, those grapes still hang aloft,
A miss makes every missile,
And through a window very near
He makes a large stick whistle.
But still he will not give it up,
Because those grapes he prizes,
Their size brings water to his mouth,
And tears into his eyes.

Sure, "Nothing venture nothing have,"
I leave you to rhyme says,
So off he goes home, and up
The trellis fast he climbs.
He gets the grapes, but his foot slips,
In vain the vines he seizes,
And down he tumbles to the ground,
And fractures both his knees.

And when he comes to taste the grapes,
Brown-cheeked as any Gipsy's,
His nose is awfully sour,
And pucker up his brow.
The moral of this story's plain
To boys as well as foxes—
Don't work too hard to get sour grapes,
Twill save you from some shocks."

Owl's Head.
A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

BY LAUNCE POINTZ.

I.

"I SAY, sir, that gentlemen should go where their sympathies lead them, and not stay where they do, as traitors in the camp. I hope that I am understood."

"And I say, major, that the insinuation conveyed in your speech is a cowardly falsehood. I hope that I am understood."

Major Hargreaves turned very red, as he said:

"I understand, perfectly, Captain Norwood, and you shall understand, too, at six o'clock tomorrow morning, if you please. Major Schweitzer will act as my friend, sir. At least, there is no doubt of his loyalty to the king."

Young Norwood smiled sarcastically.

"Less than there is of his courage, I admit. As the challenged party, I have the right of choosing the place. I say the Neutral Ground beyond Harlem. I fancy the major will not care to go there. I shall go alone, and if you dare follow, we shall see whether my honor is not as good as yours, major."

"Be it so," said Hargreaves, stiffly. "I will meet you then."

He was turning away, this stiff and choleric major of grenadiers, when Norwood observed:

"For to-night, I presume, we can trust to each other's honor not to visit a certain party."

Major Hargreaves wheeled round, as red as fire.

"I make no promises, sir, but this: I intend to marry that lady if I can cure her rebel sympathies, and I intend to kill you. Good-day," and away went Hargreaves down the street toward the house of the well-known Whig sympathizer, Judge Van Tassel.

Norwood looked after him, with a smile.

"Go ahead, Pomposity," he muttered, "and see what Gerty says. If you have any easier work than I have, I'm surprised."

Bertram Norwood was the eldest of two brothers, and had clung to the fortunes of the king during the Revolutionary war. His younger brother, Clarence Norwood, had risen to the rank of colonel in the Continental forces, and both brothers, though espousing opposite causes, had never ceased to meet with mutual love and confidence, during the short armistices and truces that occasionally intervened. Bertram Norwood held to his opinions, as much from pride and honor as conviction, and Clarence respected his brother's conscience. But the royal officers, in those declining days of British power, were jealous of the shadow of a leaning toward the "Rebels," and Bertram Norwood was exposed to continual bickerings with brother-officers on account of sneers at his supposed Whiggery.

He had borne this patiently from most men, but when Major Lloyd Hargreaves insinuated a sneer at his honor, he fired up, as we have seen, and the major challenged him. The true reason of this lay below the surface. Bertram had espoused the British cause, as much to be near Gertrude Van Tassel, whose father remained in New York, a secret Whig, an open "trimmer," to save his large landed property. Gerty was an ardent patriot, and a beautiful heiress; hence all the British officers were trying to convert her, and Hargreaves was the most successful in appearance of all. Bertram knew him for a dangerous rival, and the major was correspondingly jealous of Bertram. Hargreaves had taken it into his head that if he could get rid of handsome young Norwood, he could soon storm the citadel of Gerty's heart. Hence the quarrel that had blazed up so quickly.

Neither of the rivals was aware that, at the moment they separated, a young man of singular personal grace was sitting alone with Miss Van Tassel, her head resting on his breast, while he said:

"Let them come and let them go, dearest; you and I trust each other and love America. Bertie shall be saved, and Alice be happy. Trust me for that!"

"Well, sir, you are here at last. I hope you like the place. Your rebel friends may be on us if we do not finish this business quickly. Perhaps you would not be sorry."

And Major Hargreaves settled his chin in his voluminous white cravat and stared fiercely at Bertram Norwood, as the latter rode up.

Norwood looked sternly at the major, as he answered:

"Your insinuation is an additional insult I do not deserve, sir. What my sympathies may be you know not, but no man can say my honor as an officer is other than stainless. We waste time. Let us begin."

He dismounted and drew his sword, and the major was equally ready. Both men hated each other bitterly and wasted no time in preliminaries, but attacked each other with deadly ferocity.

The place, in which they had met by appointment, was sufficiently dangerous to be very lonely. It was at the edge of that neutral ground, between New York and the patriot lines, where Cowboys and Skimmers alike roved in robber bands, and where neither party was safe. Therefore was it especially avoided by

honest folks, and a duel was likely to be unmolested.

Hargreaves and Norwood were both good fencers, but the latter was far the youngest. The major belonged to the old school, wary and cautious, with a wrist of iron and the head of a General. Norwood, though quick and supple, was inferior in coolness to his veteran antagonist. The slender rapiers clashed, writhed and twisted in the air, as first one and then the other lunged out and parried.

The major, keeping cool and grim, and fencing close, gradually began to press back his youthful antagonist, and Bertram, with rage and despair in his heart, found himself giving way.

Hoping to get a more favorable engagement, he suddenly sprung back, and, in so doing, tripped over a projecting root, and fell backward to the ground.

"Now I have you!" shouted Hargreaves, vindictively, and he rushed forward to stab the fallen man, whose sword had escaped his grasp.

Then Bertram Norwood had been a lost man in another moment. Hargreaves was above him, with his sword drawn back to deal the murderer blow, when a hand of iron caught the soldier by the throat, and the next moment the great glaring eyes of an owl were fixed on his face, while the hooked beak and tufted horns of the creature's head passed before his vision.

Utterly astonished, the major became powerless to struggle for a moment, for the hand of a man was on his throat, a man of far superior strength, with the head of an owl. In that moment the weird stranger drew back a sword he carried and stabbed Hargreaves in the side.

The weapon broke off close to the hilt and dropped harmless to the ground, while Hargreaves gasped out:

"Mercy, if you're the devil! I'll never wear it again."

No word replied the man with the owl's head, but he thrust the Englishman back like a child, and raising the hilt of his broken sword, you see, went off in a tiff, and stirred up a dene of a muss generally. Well, after a time I got it through my cranium that it was just possibly I might have been mistaken; anyway I concluded not to bear the punishment I took upon myself without being sure I deserved it. So I packed up and came back in a truly repentant frame of mind, and there's where the matter stands, except—well, I'll let you know when you congratulate me, Cleve."

The major grasped the case, and knew how worse than useless remonstrance would prove.

"Jack's tongue, once loosed, rattled on.

"You know what a lady-killer Renholme is,

so you see it was rather natural—my jealousy of him. And if the truth must be told, she—she really did."

"She flirted too," broke in Cleve, remorselessly.

"Yes, but then I know I was an ogre."

"Just so," asserted the major, without any very definite idea of the manner in which Jack's ogreish proclivities might have manifested themselves. He said no more, but wrung his friend's hand in token of his sympathy; and after the other had gone, remained wandering about the sands, smoking furiously, and plung-

"In the name of all the wonders, man, what do you mean to express in that stare of yours? If you have any thing on your mind out with it, and give me at least the benefit of an impartial judgment."

Thus urged, Cleve sighed and shook his head dolorfully, but averted his gaze from his disconcerted friend.

"Jack, my boy," he said, presently, "I'm afraid you're beyond help!"

"If you mean—" began Jack, impetuously,

but Cleve stopped him with a gesture.

"Yes, that's what I mean," he returned, positively. "Just now I was comparing infatuations with epidemics, and you've got one, my boy, got it bad! I know all you can say about the 'blessed privilege' your being content to 'brace your fate,' and all that, which only goes to show how desperate your case is. I'll do any thing I can for you, depend on that. I wish you'd tell me just where you stand."

Jack Stanleigh whistled a bar from an opera,

reflectively, and then burst out in his own impudent manner.

"I say, Cleve, I know you're a trump at heart, though you are such a cynic on the outside. The truth is I've been making a confounded jackanapes of myself. Got jealous,

you see, went off in a tiff, and stirred up a dene of a muss generally. Well, after a time I got it through my cranium that it was just

possibly I might have been mistaken; anyway I concluded not to bear the punishment I took upon myself without being sure I deserved it. So I packed up and came back in a truly repentant frame of mind, and there's where the matter stands, except—well, I'll let you know when you congratulate me, Cleve."

Cleve was much disturbed in his mind during this time. Miss Challon was kind to Jack Stanleigh as she was to all, but the major could detect no basis for the foundation for such exultant hope as his friend appeared to entertain.

On one occasion, when he attempted to reason with the misguided Jack, he found himself the recipient of such a medley of confidences and assurances that all was coming speedily right, that he beat an incontinent retreat, determined to leave the headstrong Jack to the fate he courted.

He thought better of it afterward, and, resolved to make an appeal to Miss Challon's better nature, with the mental reservation, "provided she possesses such a phase."

He approached his subject awkwardly enough, and blundered through it, conveying such a sense of wrong done to Jack and bitterness toward herself, that Miss Challon may be pardoned for feeling resentful.

"Would it not be more generous, he asked her, to spare true-hearted men and confine her operations to such legitimate prey as the class represented by Renholme, whom no one would credit with enough sensibility, outside of himself, to suffer severely from any pangs of wounded affection?"

Miss Challon would not apply the question to herself, would not understand the nature of



Antipathy.

BY JENNIE DAINE BURTON.

ed into some intricate maze of mental profundity. He disappeared from the scene presently, and was not again visible until he appeared in the hotel parlor as it neared evening.

The room was all but empty; only Renholme reclined with lazy ease upon a luxurious couch, and Stanleigh was visible through an open window leaning against the ornated veranda railing.

Cleve drew himself up stiffly as Miss Challon floated in. A tall, slight girl, with rounded curves to her graceful figure, and nothing more remarkable in the face than its perfect oval, its fathomless blue-gray eyes, its cream white complexion with no break of color except in the arched line of the scarlet lips. Of course, with such a face her hair was blue-black, sheeny; it was arranged in a simple but strikingly unique manner—parted at the side with a smooth sweep across the wide brow, and wound in a plaited coronal about the crown.

One particular nook in the large parlors had come to be regarded as especially Miss Challon's own. It had a pleasant outlook from one of the end windows and contained a sofa of maroon velvet and carved walnut, with a tiny buhl table drawn close, on which Miss Challon's work or book rested, and with which Miss Challon was wont to fence off invaders when she was to be in a narrow entryway where he was coming in as she was passing out.

"Ruth," he said, as the name shocked out of him by the discovery that she was not quite heartless, after all. "I'm afraid I presumed too far this morning; will you forgive me?"

"Forgiveness is unnecessary; you were quite right, I dare say, in the abstract. Not in my case. I must protest."

She spoke weakly.

"If you would let me say something without offending you?"

"What?" she asked, with a slight quiver about her lips.

"I thought you had no feeling once; I know better now, but I fear you are wasting it on that puppy Renholme. Think again before you send Jack away for him."

Miss Challon's weary eyes flashed wide open scornfully.

"Major Cleve forgets that he is not my inquisitor."

"I wish you would tell me what I am to you!" he cried, in sheer desperation.

"I think we are—antipathies!"

She swept out, and Cleve fumed down to the beach, to grind out some of his ill-will through his boot-heels upon the luckless shells he encountered.

He was in no mood to countenance Jack Stanleigh when the latter followed him there, his face beaming with complacent happiness.

"You may congratulate me now, Cleve, old fellow!" cried Jack, heartily.

"I'd like to shake the simple credulity out of you," growled Cleve. "But you can make a fool of yourself, if you will, for all of me, after this. There's no man so blind as the one who willfully keeps his eyes shut."

"So I should say," returned Jack, with no lack of good-nature. "See here, Cleve; you've manifested such uncommon interest in my affairs that I'm bound you shall see them through. Fanny and I have come to an understanding at last, and I want you to stand best man for me just two months from to-day."

"Claim the honor or think of it—which?" queried Miss Challon, amiably.

"That's like my usual clearness," declared Rerville, who rather prided himself in his erratic speeches. "I meant wade two miles through the marshes after that trumpeter. May be Cleve knows something about it; he has been gone all the day."

"Tim sure Miss Challon will never credit such an indication of idiocy to me," said Cleve, with a smile.

"Certainly she does not," returned Miss Challon, quickly. "Major Cleve is better known for his soldierly qualities than any consideration for or consultation of, womanly tastes."

"By which means, perhaps, he has escaped the fate of his fellows, fallen before womanly wiles."

"Oh, I could never imagine Major Cleve succumbing to such; he is too sprightly and vivacious for ambuscades in the feminine ranks to venture into danger."

"Here, Miss Fanny, do come to the rescue," called Renholme to a young lady just entering. "These two admirable people can never be

content to sustain amicable relations. Just be kind enough to take charge of Cleve there, will you?"

But Cleve bowed himself out of the field, though not so far but he could keep watch of the secluded corner and what passed there.

Miss Challon fenced herself in by a dexterous turn of the buhl table, and on this occasion she fenced Renholme in also; he remained there through the evening, by no means an unwilling captive. Stanleigh sauntered in and consoled himself as best he might in the light of Miss Fanny's favor, until Cleve, stalking discontentedly about, retired after an hour or two.

Every day the crystal bowl on the tiny buhl table brightened with a fresh offering; sometimes sweet-breathed pansies nestling in beds of glossy myrtle; sometimes a waxen camelia, or a vivid cluster of carnations, or old-fashioned spice-pinks; but oftentimes the mosses and grasses of the marsh and the sea; and, of all, these were the ones which Miss Challon liked best. Yet, try as she would, she could not discover the donor.

Cleve was much disturbed in his mind during this time. Miss Challon was kind to Jaek Stanleigh as she was to all, but the major could detect no basis for the foundation for such exultant hope as his friend appeared to entertain.

On one occasion, when he attempted to reason with the misguided Jack, he found himself the recipient of such a medley of confidences and assurances that all was coming speedily right, that he beat an incontinent retreat, determined to leave the headstrong Jack to the fate he courted.

He thought better of it